

MARVEL

ROWELL • MARESCA • RENZI

SHE-HULK

#6

LEGY #169



JEN
BARTEL

Jennifer Walters was a shy attorney, good at her job and quiet in her life, when she was gunned down by criminals. A gamma-irradiated blood transfusion from her cousin, Dr. Bruce Banner, A.K.A. the Incredible Hulk, didn't just give her a second chance at life, but also super-strength and bulletproof green skin--and unbelievably gorgeous hair. She is the Sensational...

She- HULK

Previously...

Jennifer Walters--otherwise known as **She-Hulk**--has left the Avengers and returned to lawyering. She now works for her former adversary **Mallory Book**, who has a strict "no superhuman clients" policy. Things were going well for Jen--until someone unexpected crashed back into her life: friend, fellow Avenger, and previously presumed-dead **Jack of Hearts**.

But something has put a damper on Jack's powers, and he struggles to parse the fragmented memories of his survival. Feeling a strange connection to Jack, Jen agreed to help him unravel the mystery.

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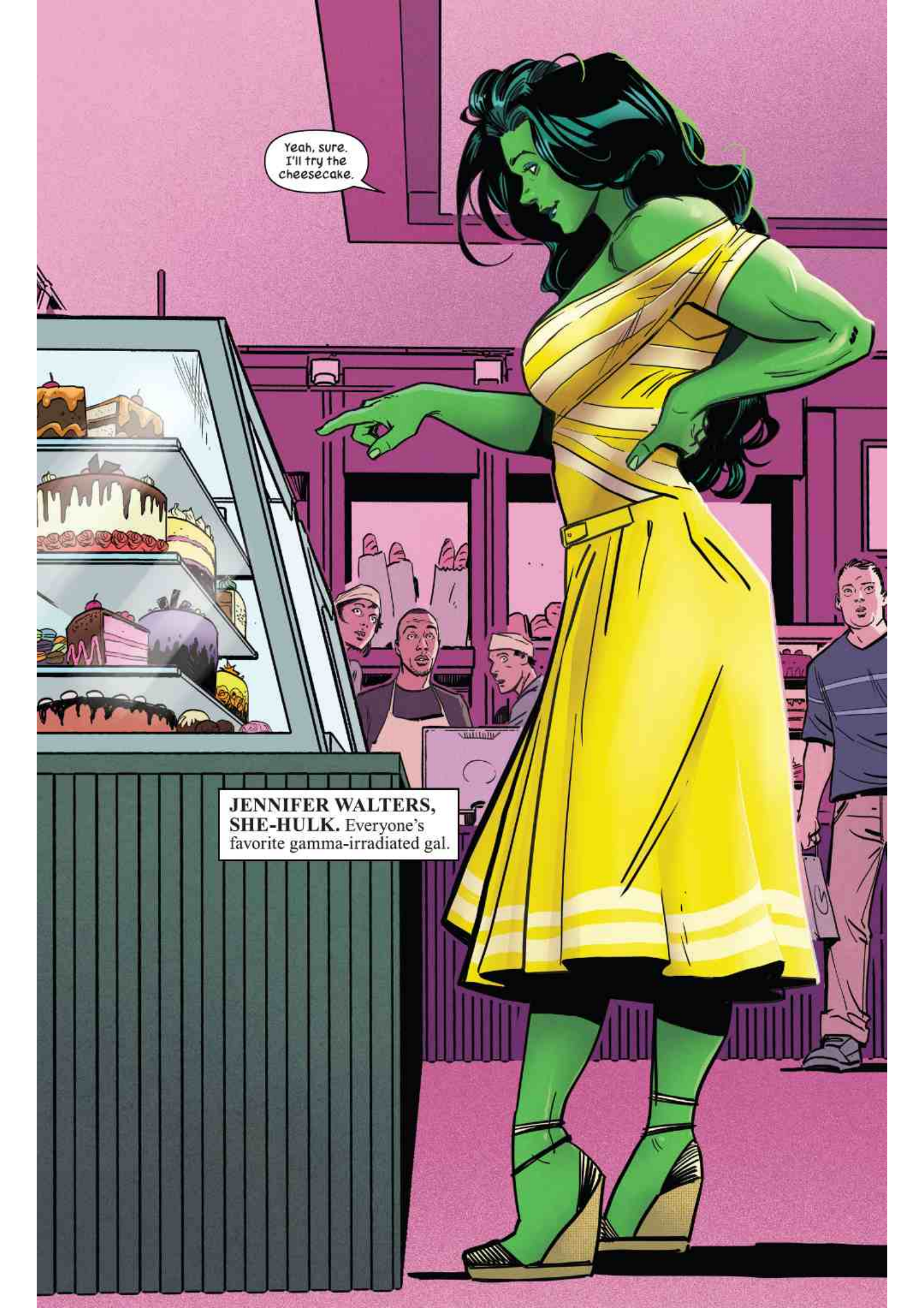
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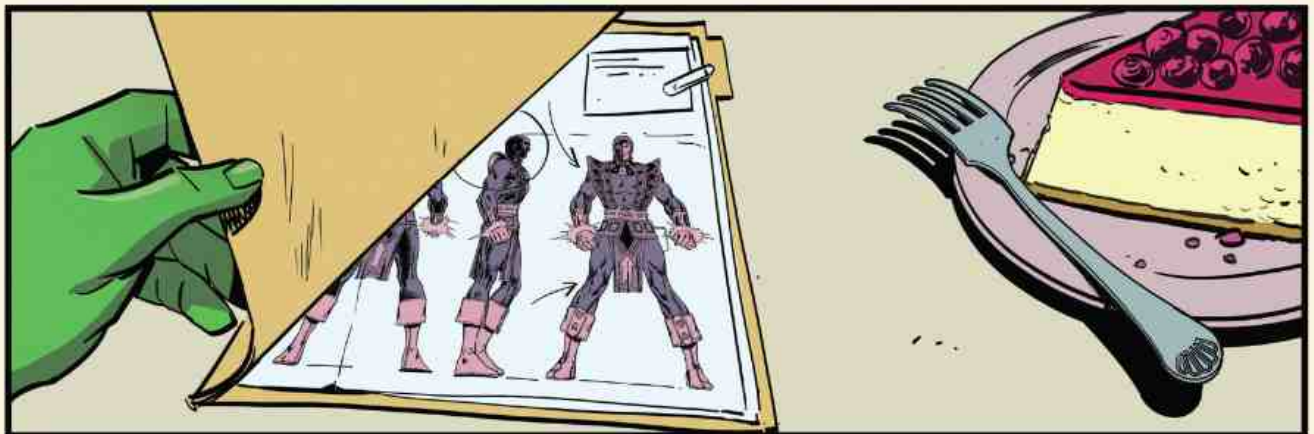


JEN
BAR
TEL

A comic book illustration of She-Hulk, a green-skinned woman with long black hair, wearing a yellow and white striped dress and green high-heeled sandals. She is pointing her right index finger towards a display case filled with various cakes. In the background, several people are visible, including a man in a white apron and a woman in a white headscarf, both looking at She-Hulk with expressions of surprise or concern. The setting appears to be a bakery or a cafe with pink walls and wooden floors.

Yeah, sure.
I'll try the
cheesecake.

**JENNIFER WALTERS,
SHE-HULK.** Everyone's
favorite gamma-irradiated gal.





It's
For a case,
right?

How's work,
anyway? A lot of
people wouldn't take
a job working for
their old
nemesis...

But not
you, Jen, you've
got a thing for pain--
wait, is that it? Do
you have a thing
for pain?

Mallory
Book is *not* my
nemesis.



Who's your
nemesis, then--
Titania?



Titania? *NO!* Why
would you say that--
are people saying
that?

I don't know what
people are saying.
Do you think
people talk
to me?

Maybe I
don't have a nemesis.
Who's *your* nemesis?



Love.

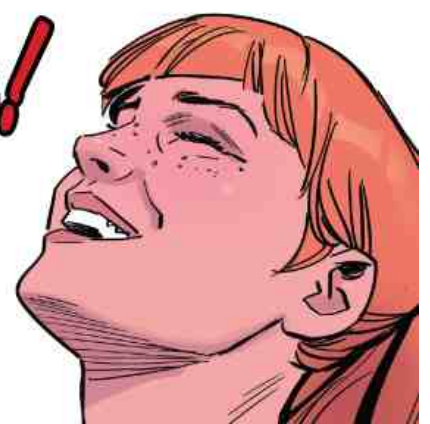


Hahahaha!

I love Eat
Cake in Fancy
Dresses Wednesday.
Whose idea was this,
anyway?

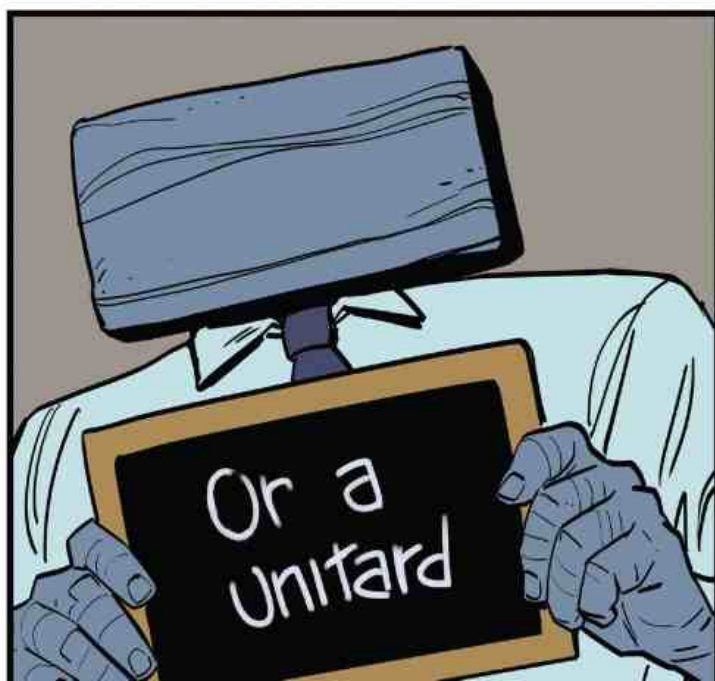
It
was *yours*,
Pats.

I have
the best
ideas...











Mallory,
I do respect
you. I wouldn't have
taken this job if
I didn't.

But look
at me. Look at
Andy. Look at *yourself*--
you made your career
in superhuman law.

Did you
really expect to
have a *normal* law
practice?

Is that
even what
you want?



yes.

I want
clients who never
freeze or melt or
shatter my office
furniture.

I want
cases that stay
on this side of
the space-time
continuum.

I would like,
for once, to finish
my closing argument
without the Mole Man
burrowing up through
the jury box.

I just want
to be an attorney,
Walters. Not a hero.
Not an innocent
bystander.

I want
to practice
law.



I thought
that's what
you wanted,
too.

Mallory!



I just
signed
Krakoa.



Hourly or
retainer?



Retainer.



YES!



Are you kidding me?

No.

That island is a gold mine. The immigration issues alone! Residency, tax evasion...

Plus all their criminal charges-- half of them are on probation.

We might need to hire another attorney. Maybe a financial guy. Andy has a robot friend...



But they're all superhuman, Mal. Every one of them.

None of this will be normal law.



No...it won't.

But it will be exciting. And very, very lucrative.

I guess if I wanted normal, I wouldn't have hired my radioactive nemesis...

And I certainly wouldn't be dating an android.



You're not my nemesis.







JONATHAN HART, JACK OF HEARTS.
Believed dead. Currently sleeping on Jen's couch.







Are you...
cooking
something? And
are those my
jeans?



These
are my jeans.
I made a few calls
today, and it turns
out I still have
access to all my
old bank accounts.
No one ever
reported me
dead.

That's...
good?

It's actually
fairly sad and pathetic,
but I'm looking on the
bright side--I'm financially
independent! I can buy
my own clothes!

You're still
wearing my sweater...



This
sweater is
irreplaceable,
Jennifer.



And, yes,
I'm cooking--
lasagna.

The house is still in my name,
too. My father's estate
has been paying the taxes.
I could move back in, or
I could sell it.

I need to learn how
to cook. And clean--
do you have a vacuum?
I'm probably going to
go back to school.
I never
finished.

Maybe I'll
change my major.
Poetry is impractical,
isn't it? My dad wanted me
to be a chemist. I could
be a chemist who
writes poetry...

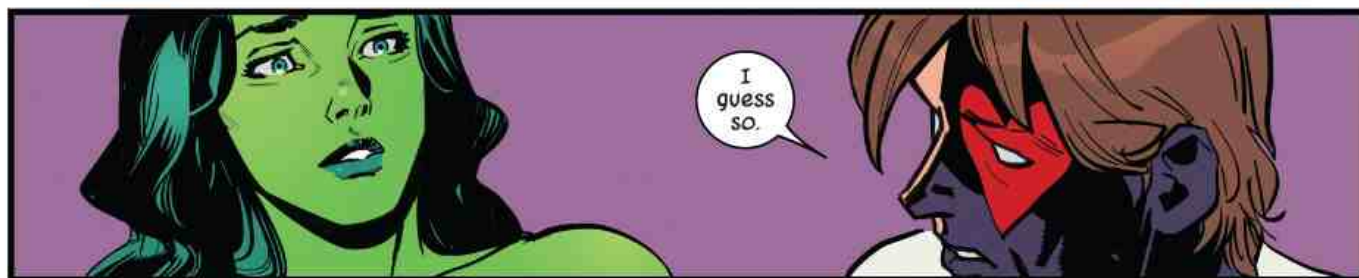
Do you like
lasagna?



Jennifer?

Yes?
Do you like
lasagna?

I do.













A HALF HOUR
OF MINUTES
LATER...



AN HOUR
AFTER THAT.



HOURS AND
HOURS LATER.



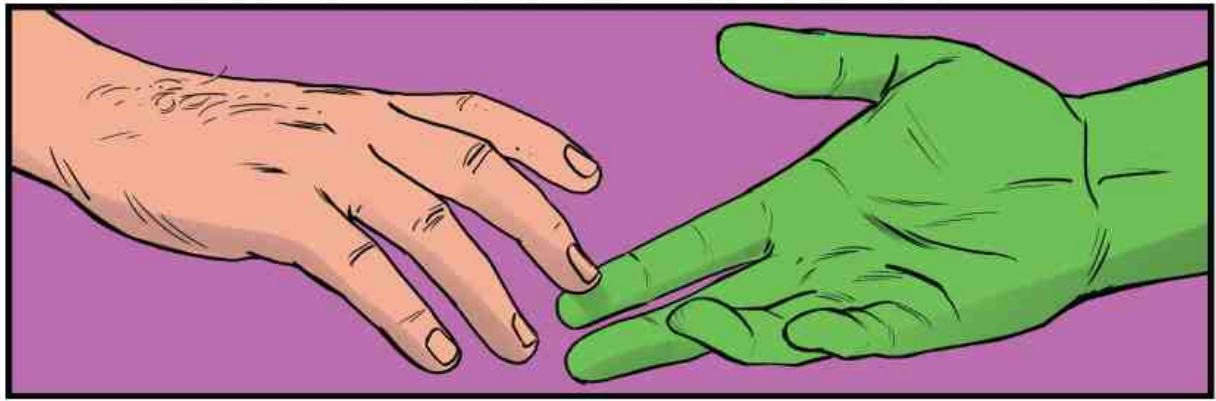
You really never
took off that
suit?

Not
ever.

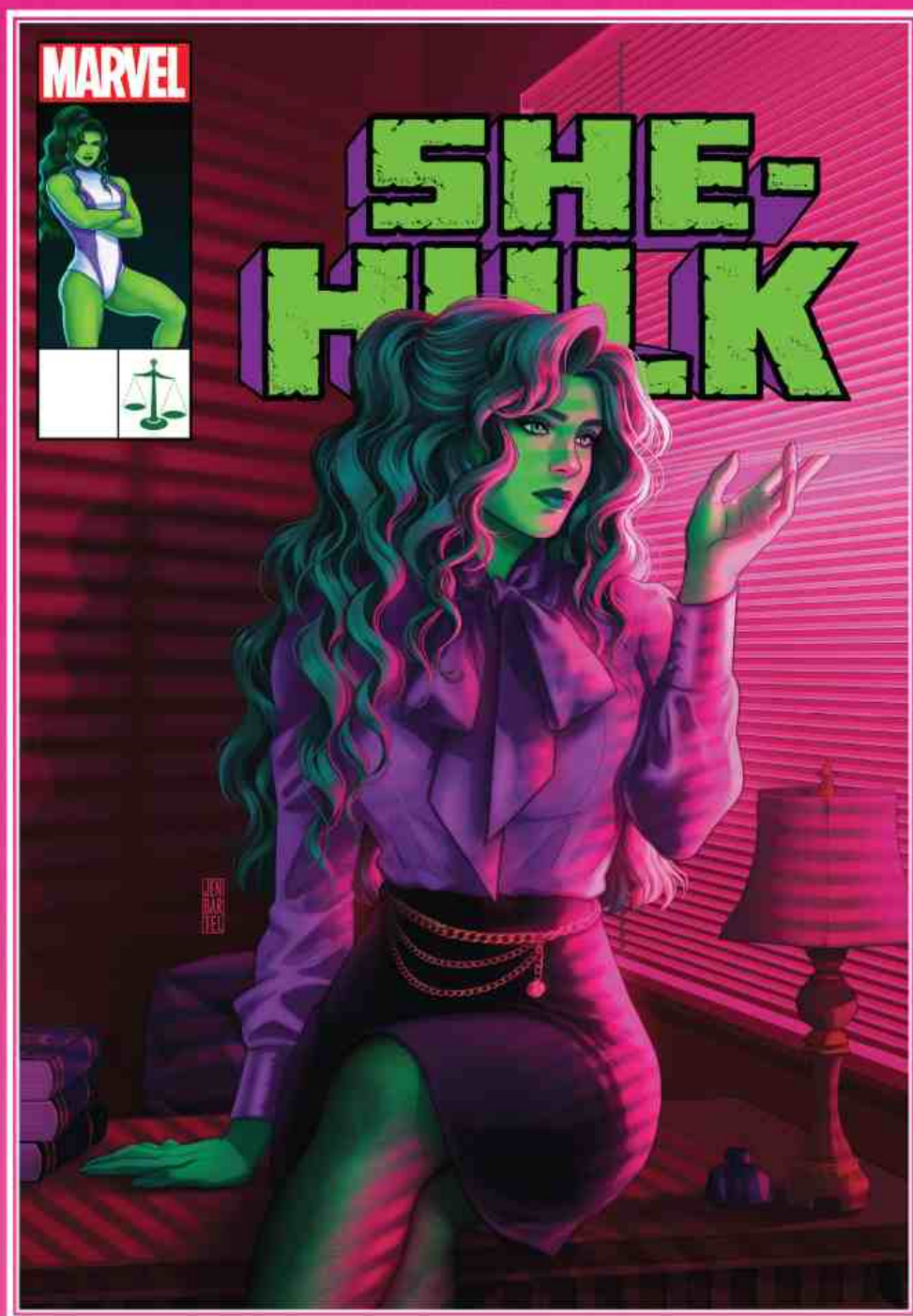
Not
once?

Not
once.





NEXT



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